Poems

- Brian Edwards

Let us go
and seek
the valley
of dawn
where two worlds
may meet
and blend together
for a time
at Sunrise
of a light
that shines
through
the veil
between worlds

***

- 5/4/2026

I'm sitting here
tonight
waiting for
the Moon to rise
I'm tired
after a long day
of drudgery
yet my eyes
await the Moon
my soul
is waiting
and hoping
to connect
with the Moon
the silence
and the solitude
up there
it must be
perfection
no grind
no rat race
no taxes
no politics
no war
just the quiet
landscape
of the Moon
where solitude
has been perfected

***

- 5/5/2026

Down
the avenue
where eternity
meets
the end
of the road
where my memories
get tossed about
in the wind
scattered towards
an imagined
kingdom
in the clouds
down the avenue
where the tired
and weary
go to remain
as they are
down the avenue
where the hustle
is still
the same
where the old scams
are still
the same
old scams
where a new
beginning
cannot
be found
for some things
are bound
to remain
as they are
until
there's another
great enlightenment
or the end
of the world
whichever
comes first

***

- 5/5/2026

The flowers
of an abomination
growing in
a wasteland
of all
the modern confusion
I behold
their eerie beauty
and recognize
that sometimes
we are blessed
when we are cursed
and there it is
the ancient scrolls
aren't an easy read
yet there
it all is
the flowers
of an abomination
beyond
the sky
of twilight
is lovely
and colorful

***

- 5/5/2026

We dance
to the music
of the last
melody
what is
all this
that has arisen
from the shadows
I wanted
to believe
in something
greater
than I could
imagine
and I did
yet the world
could not
understand me
and chose
to look away
as the last
melody
played on
as the
street sweepers
of the dawn
set about
their task
as I remembered
that fewer people
were truly
an island
onto themselves
in this world
anymore

***

- 5/5/2026

The work days
roll down
as boulders
from the mountain
where Sisyphus
remains
to this day
rolling down
crushing
the flowers
in the garden
we plant
new ones
yet the boulders
never seem
to stop
rolling down
every flower
we plant
inevitably
gets crushed
yet we keep
planting them
anyway
and the boulders
keep rolling down
and we go
and see Sisyphus
on his mountain
and we ask him
what can be done
and he says
nothing
can be done
for the gods
will have
their laughter
either way

***

- 5/6/2026

Wishing
the silence
would bring me
peace
and it does
for a time
until the world
drags me
back to
the rat race
this song
sounds the same
as the last one
I sometimes
wonder
if the song
of the rat race
has been heard
since the dawn
of time

***

- 5/6/2026

The years
have taken
their toll on me
the days
the years
the time
slipping away
if only I did
this or that
differently
where would I
be today
I don't like
to wonder
about it
yet sometimes
it happens
on its own
your own mind
can be
your nemesis
pushing you
into the thorns

***

- 5/6/2026

They set down
the plans
they only spoke
half eloquently
about
then the crows
swooped in
and the plans
went all to hell
and across
the valley
I heard a bell
tolling for those
that still believe
in something

***

- 5/6/2026

The wind
out there
in the forest
has many
secrets to tell
yet few
know how
to listen
anymore
yet never say
never
unless it's
nevermore
I knew
a girl once
her laughter
was like
a dagger
she had
dark eyes
and could speak
to the vipers

***

- 5/6/2026

The night
slipping by
a bat
out there
circling
a streetlight
instinct
driving it on
towards
a bright collision
I to
feel pulled in
by the streetlights
sometimes
searching
for answers
for experience
for a sense
of true clarity
in the bright light
that illuminates
the streets

***

- 5/6/2026

The Zeppelins
are flying over
this small town
looks like
they're going
to drop
their payload
down on the docks
and I'm smoking
my tobacco pipe
I find
it calms my nerves
at least
a little
and the seagulls
are still
hanging around
they could
care less
about Zeppelins
in the sky
they just
want to know
if you have
any peanuts
or bread
you know
the answers
to that question
and they know
that you know it

***

- 5/8/2026

This moment
in time
is like
a feather
upon
a bull's horn
go with me
into the valley
of the orchids
the shadows there
are orchid shadows
and they are lovely

***

- 5/8/2026

Going a bit
crazy
from the job
made me become
something
of a slob
wish it wasn't so
but I've got
so little strength
to go
down another path
each day
is absurd
and that's clear
and now
I only seem
to find peace
with my beer

***

- 5/8/2026

The smog
of bureaucracy
fills the air
some of us
just try
not to care
some of us
are still fond
of lost things
some of us
wish nothing more
than to hear
the birds sing

***

- 5/8/2026

I am waiting
for the dove
to confirm
for me
the absence
of love
just waiting here
in a little room
near the sea
I see the seagulls
out there
yet they are
not willing
to confirm
anything
for me
I'm just here
waiting for
the dove
waiting for it
to confirm
the absence
of love

***

- 5/9/2026

I have a place
to hide
yet the shadows
still appear
O' the thorns
of thy years
O' the thorns
of thy lost years
sand of
the hourglass
it's all become now

***

- 5/9/2026

I'll follow you
down to
the river
we'll watch
the water flowing
and we'll think
of time flowing
just the same
so many
of our days
flowing in
the current now
towards
the open sea

***

- 5/9/2026

Think of
a thing
once it is
over and free
we who
clarify nothing
with our
overbearing ways
we have sought
to find
a true purpose
through
our contemplation
thus it is
thus it is
in places
of jazz
booze
and smoke
philosophy
energized
by lightning bolts
of the mind

***

- 5/9/2026

Go and seek
the raven
go and seek
the coyote
and the wolf
go out
upon the
salt flats
in the middle
of the night
when the sky
is very clear
the Milky Way
is right there
seeming so close
that you
can reach up
and touch it

***

- 5/9/2026

We once knew
the serenity
of a different time
we once drank
wine
of an older vintage
we once went
above and beyond
when we could
now we
often question
if we ever should
it doesn't seem
to make
much difference now
they told us
how and why
we should be
loyal and obedient
we all told them
goodbye eventually
each in our own time

***

- 5/9/2026

Some of us
have been waiting
for eternal truths
for so long
some of us
eventually
let go
of such idealism
some of us
never do
some of us
search for it
on the streets
of abandonment
and despair
some of us
search for it
in the mountains
where the air
is a little
nicer to breathe
yet we cannot tell
if we are
any closer
to eternal truths
up there
or down below
along the streets
of woe
where fifty dollars
can take you
to oblivion's shore
yet the eternal truths
still seem obscured
where the billboards
promise you
some grand escapade
or some material thing
they want you to covet
with a covetous soul

***

- 5/9/2026

Lets go visit
the beer halls
in Valhalla
lets go
catch a Sunset
in Singapore
then we'll figure out
the rest of it
from there
so many places
to see
when your dreams
fly like eagles

***

- 5/9/2026

Give me
a thousand
mirages
to behold
I shall choose
the ones
I like best
and keep them
in a vault
within myself
when all
of the mirages
I hold dear
vanish
at my approach
I shall resurrect them
from that place
where they originate
approach them
once again
and then again
and again
until I am
in that place
where they
vanish to
until I am
in that place
where all
my most
beloved mirages
are real

***

- 5/9/2026

Here in
a place
of a true
starlight
tonight
tonight
yield thy dreams
to the starry
ocean
sail among
the heavens
for a time
and when
you awaken
return
to the shores
of this world

***

- 5/9/2026

Queen
of the shadow
of the rose
I have known
thy eyes
of a dark abyss
it's been
thirty years
since I was
last cast down
sinking in
the deep fathoms
of your presence
Queen
of the shadow
of the rose
that night
so long ago
how I have
remained
haunted
since then
to now
never truly
to arise
from the abyss
of thy false kiss

***

- 5/9/2026

In the valley
of the fading light
I wandered
in search of
a multi-dimensional
flower
present
in one valley
reflected
like Moonlight
upon still water
in a thousand others
in the valley
of the fading light
that is but
the reflection
of another
that exist
somewhere beyond

***

- 5/9/2026

Sailing upon
a sea that is
water and vision
water and voice
metaphysical words
metaphysical
reflections
sailing upon
a sea
of consciousness
of starlight
yet to be
perceived
sailing towards
the shores
of Ithaca
bring me home
sea wind
of the hour
to Ithaca
and then
to return again
to the sea

***

- 5/10/2026

Drift and drift
upon a tide
of idle pondering
a ship's fog horn
sounds
echoing through
the harbor
in this shrouded
morning hour
what can we
hope to
envision here
dreams
visions
epiphanies
of salt and air
there
a ship's bell
to accompany
the sense
of obscurity
I shall linger here
for a time
to breathe
the harbor air
is to breathe
such a wine
of memory
glistening Sunlight
upon the harbor
cast echoing visions
into thy soul
the bell rings
and the gulls
take to the sky

***

- 5/10/2026

Give me reason
to be true
and bold
for of such reason
I have not
been told
I have only
heard words
of arrogant
boasting
that on their own
would scatter
like sand
in tempest winds
give us
a true reason
give us
undeniable truth
that we may
understand
for as it is
the words
disappear
like vapor
there..... listen
do you hear
that is
the sound
of the sea
let it always
be a part
of thee

***

- 5/10/2026

Alas
I have been
shown
the lantern
of truth
sing to me
of south winds
and the navigator's
lament
the salty
sea air
has given thee
a kind of grace
obvious
to any
eyes that see
when the lantern
of truth glows
in our presence
so it is
so it will be
beyond the glow
of tomorrow's
morning horizon

***

- 5/10/2026

Sing it sweetly
Mister
that song
we often hear
going down
that long
dirt road
to places
that in
our memory
will remain
a sweet tune
blesses our travels
to thy destination
the road
does carry thee
so sing sweetly
as the reeds sway
in a light breeze
as the Sun above
is crowned
sovereign
and majesty
the giver
of light
the giver of all
there is to see
around these parts
as the sparrow flies
as the rabbit
quietly ponders
the world

***

- 5/10/2026

Silence
and wind
how do I begin
to muster
the strength
to get out
on the road
to drive
such a long ways
alone
where I must toil
for some forsaken
business
kind of thing
and then
beyond twilight
in Moonlit hour
with green bottles
of beer
to numb
the sourness
to cast eyes upon
the stars
that shine

***

- 5/10/2026

And so we sail
for the green isle
of dream-light
there to be
a thousand times
more awake
than asleep
there to be
enchanted
by the green isle's
enchanted wine
we shall climb
the vines
of eternal trees
and drift
between
the centuries
in the cool
sea-breeze
and Sunlight
of the afternoon

***

- 5/10/2026